2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good; when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.
King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the Master
Was the author of his seruants mis-fortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the Kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Soul.* I faith he saies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

I would not haue the
Yet I intend to fight
King. Well, I heard
2. *Soul.* I he said so, t
But when our throats
And we neuer the wi
King. If I liue to see
2. *Soul.* Masse you'l p
Tis a great displeasur
Gun can do against a
Or a subiect against a
You'l nere take his w
King. Your reproo
Were it not at this ti
2. *Soul.* Why let it
King. How shall I k
2. *Soul.* Here's my g
Ile challenge thee, and
King. Here is likew
And assure thee ile we
2. *Soul.* Thou dar'st
3. *Soul.* Be friends
We haue French quar
We haue no need of
King. Tis no treaso
For to morrow the Ki

Enter to the
an

King. O God of ba
Take from them now
That the apposed mul
May not appale their
O not too day, not to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG